

Here is some comfort for Poor Cavaleeres:

OR,

The Duke of Yorks Speech to the Parliament of England, concerning his Fathers old Souldiers; also, a brief Relation of the forty five sail of Ships that have crost the Ocean with a numerous company of English Gallants; Prince Robert doth represent the Kings Royal person in Portugal.

They'l fetch a Queen with store of Indian Treasure
Will make old Cavies laugh beyond all measure.
To a pleasant tune called Moncks March, or, Maids will say nay and take it.



Old Cavaliers
pick up your ears
That have been Loyal hearted,
unto the King
in every thing
And never from him started;
though many a year
it reth appear
By Rebels you were slighted,
but at the last
when sorrow's pite
You now shall be requited,
You that did fight,
for Charls his Right,
against the new inventions,
The Parliament
doth give consent
That you shall all have Pensions,

The Duke of York
that valiant spark
These words rehearsed rather,
why should not they
receibe some pay
That ever lov'd my Father:
as well as those
that were his foes,
And sought the lands confusion:
a cursed thing
they brought their King
Unto his dissolution:
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The second part to the same Tune:

Your wounds and scars
in Charles his Wars
They shall not be forgotten,
although he's dead,
and buried
And's Royall bones are rotten,
yet now his Heir
sits in the Chair
Of Judgement Right and Reason,
his Fathers friends
he'll make a mends
And punish knaves for Treason.
You that did fight, &c.

Such news I hear
you need not fear
Will make you blithe and jolly
't will make you laugh
and merrily quaff
To drink away melancholy,
contented be
untill you see
Our Royall King is Married;
you shall be paid
be not afraid
Though you long time have tarried,
You that did fight, &c.

A famous Fleet,
with men discreet,
To Portugal is sailing,
to fetch our Queen
which will be seen
With happiness prevailing:
her vertues are,
beyond compare
If truth may be believed,
then Cabies all
both great and small
Rejoyce and not be grieved.
You that did fight, &c

On Mid-summer-day
they Lunched away
To fetch that Royall pattern,
Prince Robert he
the man must be
That must salute Queen Kathern:
in Armour bright
a braver sight
He's seen in any Nation,

a sword between
him and the Queen
That is all Europe's fashion,
You that did fight, &c.
Both Lords and Knights
for their delights,
Did make such preparation,
to cross the Seas,
their mindes to please,
to see Queen Katherine's Nation.
a braver show
for truth I know
In Europe can't bee raised,
for solid men
I say agen
Thar' worthy to be praised.
You that did fight, &c.

At their return
bone-fires will burn
And English Bells bee ringing.
true Loyal hearts,
throug hout all parts
For joy will then be singing,
oth' marriage day,
wee'l dance and play,
In spite of Quakers pauling,
if Vivat Rex
their spirits ree,
wee'l thump them for their bauling,
You that did fight, &c.

Our King God bless,
with happiness,
And every one that loves him,
will firmly stand,
at his command,
As it doth right behove them,
the Clergy men,
with Tongue and Pen,
Confute will every beigeon,
In spite of Spain
they will maintain
True Protestant Religion,
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for Charls his right
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